

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark gray color, framing the entire page. The border is composed of repeating motifs at the corners and along the edges.

Emotions Aside

orphan_account

Emotions Aside by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Angst, Fluff, Hurt, M/M, Slow Build, bill is gonna be so stubborn, good ending, haha maybe, if i dont update i'm probably gaming in overwatch, im a trash author dont judge, omg the tags reminds me of twilight, probably some humor

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Bill Skarsgård, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Pennywise (IT), Bill Denbrough/Pennywise (IT)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-10-17

Updated: 2017-11-06

Packaged: 2020-02-01 00:38:31

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 4

Words: 6,550

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Instead of going to the house with his friends, Bill goes and faces the monster alone.

((Might get out of character but eh, I'm new to this.))

1. Confused

Summary for the Chapter:

After the projector incident, Bill wanted to go and face the clown right then. His friends disagreed and after several arguments they ended up deciding to go home. However, Bill had other plans.

Bill wasn't an idiot. Well, most of the time. He knows when to stay out of danger or not to do things he wasn't suppose to, but, this time was different. Everyone had gone on their bikes and left, except for Beverly and Bill. She stayed with him, sitting at the porch at his house. It was quiet since none of them had spoken after that incident. Bill wondered if he should go and break the silence. He took a deep breath but no words came out. Beverly seemed to notice as she sighed and shook her head.

"What made you think going now was a good idea?", she asked, her hands on her knees. Bill bit his lip. The clown knows where they are, what they're doing and such. The only thing Bill knows is where the clown's lair is. *Why wait when you can attack now?* He shrugged, "I just d-don't want t-to waste anymore t-time." None of them talked after what he said. Bill didn't feel comfortable, not because of Beverly but because of what is happening to them. To them all. There was a murderous, shape-shifting clown and no one is going to stop it?

He jumped a little when Beverly cleared her throat, snapping him out of his thoughts. "I know things aren't.. aren't *normal*, right now but we shouldn't be stressing ourselves. As long as we stick together everything will be fine.", she said , standing up, "You should take a break, Bill. Whatever happened in there is over." Picking up her bicycle she took one last look at him, "I'll catch ya later?" Bill had been quiet the whole time, as if that encounter with the clown had traumatized him. He took a deep breath, "Y-Yeah.. I'll see ya B-Beverly.". She smiled when he stuttered her name.

He waved at her and he watch her leave. When he was alone, he started thinking. *I can't do this. I can't just pretend Georgie didn't exist, I should go there now and-'* His thoughts were cut off when he noticed

something bright appeared in his vision. A balloon. It was a red balloon. And it was floating *right at him*.

Bill froze. He couldn't move, it was as if the balloon had paralyzed him. It kept floating till it was inches to his face. It was taller than him since he was still sitting even when Beverly had left, but that wasn't the case. The case was the balloon that is still in front of him and is starting to turn around, *slowly*. Then it hit him. *'Was the clown here? Is it coming for him first before going with his friends? It was a mistake to even-'*

The balloon popped, causing him to yelp. Pieces of the balloon had fallen on the ground, some even landed on his pants. He frowned. Bill stood up, brushing off the pieces and walked to his bicycle.

He was tired of the clown's games. He was tired of being scared. He was tired of having his thoughts cut off by random things. Without hesitation, Bill got on his bike, and started heading towards the house. The Neibolt house.

Bill wasn't an idiot, but right now he might as well be.

Bill took a deep breath as he got off his bike and threw it on the ground without a care. He looked at the house. It was almost as if it was watching him, as if *something* was watching him, encouraging him to come inside. A small part of his brain said *'Don't'* yet his body responded differently. It was a bad idea, Bill knows it himself. He shouldn't be going alone, he knows what could happen, what *will* happen. It was as if the house was impatient, the door opened yet nobody was behind. Bill bit his lip and began to walk.

He lightly coughed when he entered the house. It wasn't his fault that the whole building was covered in dust and was unoccupied for anyone to clean it. He continued walking, and examined anything that could be a clue to find where IT is. As if on cue, the door behind him closed. Now Bill wasn't the type of person to panic easily, but having himself trapped in a house which probably had a demonic clown was an exception. He took calming breaths and tried unlocking the door.

Locked. Why else would it close by itself?

However that didn't stop Bill from finding IT. He continued on, determined yet scared. As he walked through the living room he heard soft footsteps coming from the kitchen, well, what remained of it. Bill cautiously walked towards it, not noticing the two yellow eyes watching him from the corner. He paused, scanning the kitchen to find the source of the sound. Someone had to be here, kitchens don't make the sound of footsteps by itself. Bill sighed, why wasn't he getting a reaction? What did IT want him to do, play IT's games?

He turned around and froze. There, right in front of him, standing in the middle of the door. "G-Georgie..", he whispered. He reached out to grab him, to hold him and bring him back home where they would be with their parents and continued on living their happy lives. However, the 'Georgie' had other plans. The boy ran off into the room and walked down the stairs. Bill hesitantly followed, running down the stairs to get to him.

He noticed it led to a basement, which also had a well. *The well house*. Ben was right all along, not that Bill disagreed. Georgie had disappeared, leaving him alone. "Where did you go..?", he muttered as he walked closer to the well. Bill may be dumb enough to go here alone but he wasn't dumb enough to forget a flashlight. He turned it on and flashed it down the well. He was too focused on the well that he didn't notice the figure that was standing right behind him.

"B-B-Billy boy.."

His eyes widened as he turned around, meeting those blazing yellow eyes. He backed up against the well as the clown straightened itself. "Well! I see you didn't bring any of your friends, buddy. You should of.. The more the merrier!", It spoke, It's voice high and cheerful despite It's looks. Bill gulped, he couldn't think whether he should talk or just smack it straight up in the face. "Where's G-G-Georgie?" he demanded, cursing at himself for his stutter. The clown's grin widened when he asked. "He's *floating*." It said coolly. "*And you will too.*"

Bill froze as he heard the cracking sounds coming from the clown. It's jaw cracked, revealing thousands of sharp teeth. Without hesitance,

Bill grabbed the closest object near him and shoved it straight into the creature's mouth. It gagged on the rock and made a growling sound that didn't resemble any animal Bill had ever heard of. Quickly, Bill ran past it, trying his best to dodge the sharp claws that was forming from the clown's hand. However, due to his lack of exercise he didn't get far up the stairs before the clown grabbed at his leg, making him fall forward with an 'Oof!'.

He turned around and saw the clown glaring down at him, saliva starting to build up from It's mouth, trailing down to It's chin. Bill backed up but the clown only pulled him back again, till he ended up lying flat on the ground, the clown towering him. "You really shouldn't have done that, Billy.", It growled, sending shivers down his spine. "W-Well you shouldn't k-k-killed my brother.", he said before hitting the flashlight in It's eyes.

"You shouldn't have been a bad brother."

Then it hit him. He dropped the flashlight. Was it actually his fault? That he didn't follow Georgie outside? If he didn't get sick none of this would of happened. Everything would be the same, but it *wasn't*, and it hurt him.

He felt the clown pause, It's breathing going still ,almost like it was surprised by his change of expression. Bill looked up and noticed It was staring right at him, as if it was trying to read through his soul. He flinched when It leaned down, pressing It's face against his neck, tasking in his scent. Bill felt so many emotions bubbled up in him. He was confused, hurt, angry, tired, hell he even felt triggered. That's when he realized, he wasn't *scared*.

It suddenly backed away, studying his expression. "You.." It muttered. Bill blinked.

"Why."

It didn't sound like a question. More like a statement. However Bill only stared back at the being. It growled and shook it's head. "Not fear, but I can still smell it.." It frowned and pulled him up by the collar. Bill's hand grabbed It's larger ones on instinct, legs kicking against it. The clown didn't even flinch, It didn't appear to be affected

by him one bit, instead It continued carrying him back to the well. It stopped when It raised him in the center of the well, yellow eyes glaring at him.

"Are you scared?" Despite whatever happened a few minutes ago, a grin spread across It's face. Bill frowned, his kicking had stopped moments ago.

"No."

The grin disappeared, replaced with a frown. The clown continued staring at him, as if It was figuring out something. It shook It's head, the bells on It's clothing ringing. It brought his face close to It, their noses almost touching.

"You will be."

That was the last thing he heard before he felt himself falling, the darkness welcoming him.

Notes for the Chapter:

So uh, it's been a while since I've written things.. so I'm really sorry if my grammar is trash or the way I run this story is trash. Really. But I hope you all enjoyed it. Thanks for reading!

2. Curious

Summary for the Chapter:

He finds himself in a dark, cold and scary place.
He also finds himself entertaining a certain clown.

The last thing he remembered was falling. It wasn't the best experience since Bill preferred to fly instead of falling. He also remembered about the clown. The clown had let go of him right in the middle of that well and off he went. He couldn't see anything. Everything seemed too dark and quiet. Is this what death felt like? Dark, quiet and empty? Had the fall killed him? No. It can't be.

But why can't he wake up?

Bill didn't panic for once, instead he started to focus on controlling his mind. Breathe. Simple steps were always the best way. He felt the tip of his fingers move. *Oh*. So he wasn't dead. He continued on doing the same thing until finally, he opened his eyes and was welcomed by a horrible, headache.

"Ah.. O-Ow.." He winced as he placed his hand on his head. His body felt like as if someone had placed a huge boulder on top of him and left him to rot. Bill blinked a few times, trying to get his vision straight. Slowly he gained back his energy and looked around at his surroundings. The first thing he noticed was bodies. Dead bodies of children, floating in the air. Some parts were intact, but some *weren't*.

Bill quickly looked away, trying his best not to throw up. Now he really felt like he was dead. Bill noticed a huge pile of items were stacked in the middle of the area. It was stacked so high, to the point it reached to where the bodies were floating. *Floating*. Was this what the clown meant? Killing him and eating parts of his body, leaving him to float in the air in the middle of random junk that were stacked together? *Well, that's not a very pleasant way to die*, he thought.

He shook his head and took a deep breath, slowly standing up. It took a while for him to do so, since his body ached like hell. Bill took a

few steps towards the tower, almost slipping when his foot got caught by a sharp metal rod. He winced, slowly pulling it off him, careful not to cut his leg. Bill did not feel like having any more scars, even though he probably will be.

There were so many items he could find as he walked around the tower. He stopped when something caught his eye. Taking a closer look, Bill almost lost his breath. It was....a wall? No, Bill remembered seeing it when he and Richie went to a carnival. Usually there would be a picture of an animal or a *clown*. This time of course, it had a picture of a clown.

"Pennywise the dancing clown.." He muttered, his hand trailing the name as he spoke, almost admiring it.

He knew the It wasn't any normal clown. So how in god's name did It literally get a name and even a title like this? Bill shook his head. Now is not the time to think about that. The clown had probably brought him here. Who else would?

Bill jumped when he heard a tune being played. He looked down and noticed it was a box. A voice starts to speak from it.

"Step right up Billy! Step right up!"

Bill froze. So much things were going on his mind as the voice continued. "Come change. Come cold. You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll cheer. You'll die." It chanted. The word 'die' ended with a low tune. Bill backed up, not trusting a single bit of that voice.

"Introducing Pennywise the dancing clown! HAHAAHAA!" A clown puppet suddenly popped out from the box. Then, Bill looked up and noticed the 'wall' had abruptly fall down, revealing the clown. Revealing *Pennywise*. Bill couldn't move, only staring as It stared back, face showing no emotion. Bill watched as the clown started 'dancing' which Bill kind of found it amusing. He could imagine Richie recording it and remixing it with a bunch of songs that he'd probably say, "*What? It fits the dance!*" and they would laugh all together.

Bill couldn't stop the smile that was forming on his face. *It could be*

pretty funny, he thought. Bill snapped his head up when the music stopped. The clown just stood there, glaring. Almost seemed like it did not like how Bill was reacting. It suddenly jumped off the stage, crouching down like a predator in front of him. Even in a crouched position It was still taller than him. Bill cursed at himself for it. He watched as the being stand up, towering him.

With a quick move he was grabbed by the clown by the collar of his shirt. He remembers this feeling, and boy he hates it. However, he didn't kick this time, only staying still as the clown drew him close, taking in his scent. It growled and Bill shuddered.

"You're really trying my patience." It spoke, voice dripping of poison.

"I'm s-s-surprised you're still t-trying. Why n-not just kill m-me now?" He asked, wincing when the clown gripped harder. Drool started to pour from It's mouth, and Bill shivered in disgust as some of it landed on his shirt and hands. The clowns eyes turned to a bright yellow. "No. You don't have any fear on you. Not yet." Before Bill could reply, he was thrown against the wall. He cursed when the headache came back, this time with a little blood too.

"Urgh.." He groaned. Bill tried his best to focus on his vision. He didn't want to faint again, not with the clown right there with him. Speaking of the clown, Bill blinked, looking up to meet those yellow eyes. It was a shade darker, almost orange. Bill tried to back away but he didn't get far till his body was fully against the wall. Instead, he continued to look into those eyes, almost daring It.

"Would you like to play a game?" It said, It's voice changed to something sweet like candy.

Bill jumped at the sudden voice changed, surprised. First it was *dancing*, then *growled* at him, *threw* him to a *wall* and now it wants to *play a game*?

Jesus, and he thought having a girlfriend was harder.

The clown frowned at Bill and leaned back, impatient. "Well?" Bill gulped. "W-What game..?" The clown grinned and clasp it's hand. "You wanted to find Georgie right? Here's your chance! If you are

able to get to him, I'll tell you where he is. I'll even lead you to him if you're quick enough." It said, standing up straight, grinning down at him. Bill paused, thinking. *Get to Georgie? What does It mean by that? A game of cat and mouse?*, he thought. *Well, it's not like I have a choice.*

"O-Okay, do we have any r-r-rules?" He asked, looking up to meet the yellow eyes. However he was greeted by nothing. The clown had disappeared. He glanced around, not finding any trail to where it had gone. He sighed, *What have I gotten my self into?*, he thought. Slowly, Bill pushed himself up, wincing as his body ached. Suddenly he heard laughter, a familiar one to be exact. Looking up, Bill's heart nearly stopped. Georgie was there, smiling at him before running off into a deeper part of the sewers.

He didn't know why but he couldn't stop himself. He knew, deep down inside, that it wasn't Georgie. It was only another trick from the clown. It was as if he had the urge to know more about the clown. Maybe he could prevent it from killing others. He sighed, taking a deep breath before walking towards where 'Georgie' had gone. Right into the dark tunnels of the sewers. The sound of laughter echoed throughout his journey, voices were whispered and water were splashed, almost like it was trying to scare him.

However, Bill wasn't afraid. No, he was *curious*.

3. Frustrated

Summary for the Chapter:

It was confused with the boy. He was acting different than the rest of his friends.

The more It talked to him, teased him, hurt him... the less he feared.

And It really frustrates It.

The deep, dirty water didn't help much to catch up to Georgie, it only made him slower than he should. However, he continued on into the dark, cold sewers. The voices in his head started to annoy him, since half of the language spoken weren't even English. As he went on, he found himself in a part of the sewers, where he has never been in before of course. It had a well in the middle, which didn't really surprise him. Looking around, he seemed to lost Georgie. Bill bit his lip, taking a few steps closer to the well in front of him, careful not to step on any objects sharp objects on the ground.

'Where did he go? Does it mean I lost the game? Will It-'

His thoughts were cut off when he leaned down into the well, only to meet a pair of eyes staring back at him. It was Georgie, hanging on the side of the well. Something you'd see in a Spiderman movie but this wasn't a Spiderman movie at all. Nor was it Marvel. This is real life and having your little brother stare at you with a murderous grin as he hangs on the edge of a well is *not* fun at all. However, Bill didn't back away. No. Instead he grabbed onto Georgie's arm, and tried to pull him out but since that wasn't Georgie, his grip on him was too weak that he fell forward instead.

Everything went slow, so slow that Bill couldn't breathe. Looking up, he sees Georgie staring at him, but what surprises him the most is that he's staring back at him in *fear*, as if he didn't expect Bill to do such a thing.

Bill gasped as Georgie was out of sight, instead, he felt a pair of arms wrap around his body, pulling him back up before he went too far down into the well. His eyes widened as he finally caught his breath

and backed away from the well, and into the warm body behind him. Bill heard the faint sound of the bells and looked up, meeting the clown's gaze. Its eyes weren't bright yellow anymore, instead it was blue. Bill noticed that it wasn't smiling either, instead it had a blank face. He felt the arms around him wrap tighter, not enough to stop his breathing but enough to keep him still.

A few moments passed and Bill finally calmed down. His breathing started to slow down and he paused, thinking.

Did.. the clown just save him? he thought.

He shivered when a drop of drool fell onto his neck. He was about to ask the clown but he was roughly dropped to the floor. He looked up, only to see the clown stare down at him, the blank face was still there. Bill didn't like how intense the surroundings were. It was making him a little hard to even breathe. Finally, building up the courage he had, he took a deep breath. "..W-W-Why did y-you-"

"You should leave."

Bill blinked. What? Bill slowly stood up but was only pushed down by the clown, its weight on him. His hands tried to push the being off only to be grabbed by the wrists tightly. He froze when the clown leaned in, face showing impatience, no, *frustration*.

"You *must* leave." It hissed, blue eyes turning back to yellow.

Bill didn't want to leave, he had played the game and now he's getting kicked out? However, he didn't notice the red balloon that was floating right on top of them. Before he could speak, the balloon popped and the last thing he saw was the clown's cold glare, before everything blacked out.

"YOU MOTHER-MMPH!!!" Richie's voice were silenced when Eddie placed his hands roughly onto his mouth, shutting him up.

"Be quiet! You're not suppose to shout curses in public!!" He hissed and started to have a small fight with Richie. The Loser's club were hanging out at the arcade, not including Beverly and Mike. Richie

struggled in his grip and finally was able to push him off, causing both of them to fall on the ground. Before the fight could get worse, Stan quickly pulled Richie away from Eddie. "Stop it! Both of you!" he yelled.

Richie stopped, showing a middle finger towards Eddie while Eddie just scoffed. The three boys looked up when they noticed Ben walking towards them with Beverly. They both looked at the other three in confusion. "What are you guys doing..?" asked Beverly with a sigh. Richie stood up straight, pointing towards Eddie. "This asshole made me lose in my game!" he yelled and Eddie glared at him. "I did *not*. You just suck Tozier." he spat. Richie was about to tackle Eddie but Stan dragged him away from Eddie, telling him that they should get snacks.

When they left, Eddie sighed and stood up, looking towards Beverly and Ben. "So uhm.. Where's Bill and Mike?" he asked, fixing his clothing. Beverly shrugged. "Mike had to go home, I'm not sure about Bill. He's probably at home.. I mean, I just left him about a few hours ago." she said. Eddie paused, "Wait.. You left him alone? Do you think he would.. ya know.. Go to the house *alone*?" he asked. Ben bit his lip and Beverly frowned. They had argued with Bill about it since none of them didn't want to go. "What if.. He decides to go by himself?" he finished.

Before Beverly could speak, Richie cut her off, randomly appearing behind them with a can of soda. "What decides to go alone?" He asked, looking at the three of them. Eddie looked down and muttered, "Bill.." Richie suddenly choked at his drink, coughing.

"Wait- He's going to that crack house alone?!" he shouted, only having Ben clamp his mouth shut, avoiding the looks from the other people in the building.

Eddie shrugged and Beverly bit her lip. She took a deep breath before saying, "We should-"

"We should go check on him first."

Everyone turned to look at Stan, Beverly paused. "What?" she asked. Stan walked forward towards the group, "Like, maybe he's at home..

We should check him there first.. in case.." he trailed off, unsure how to continue.

The others looked at him questioningly before Richie spoke, "Yeah. Probably a good idea. I don't want to go to that shit house and find no Billy." he said, looking towards Eddie and Ben who just nodded. Everyone seemed to agree, walking out of the arcade and got on their bicycles, heading toward Bill's house. Beverly sighed and looked at the others, before continuing looking straight. "I hope he's okay.." she mumbled to herself.

Bill woke up, sweating and gasping for breath. He looked around and noticed that he wasn't in the sewers but in his room, on the bed. His eyes widened as he noticed that his clothes were.. clean. Almost like he had never went to the sewers in the first place. He sighed and sat up slowly, wincing as his body ached like hell. *'Guess it wasn't a dream..'* he thought. Why would he think it was? He flinched when someone knocked on his door. Slowly he stood up, making sure that there were no bruises on him as he glanced at the mirror. He didn't want anyone to know what he had done a few hours ago.

After checking if he were presentable, he took a deep breath and walk towards the door, opening it. He looked up to see his mother, smiling down at him. Despite her expression, Bill knew that she was not happy, well, not ever since.. He shook his head, decided not to think about it. "Your friends wants to see you." she spoke, her tone soft and caring. Bill nodded and her and walked pass her, muttering a 'thank you' before heading downstairs.

He noticed that there were bicycles thrown on the grass as he passed his window. Bill finally reached the door and opened, meeting his friends. "Oh thank fuck you're alive!" exclaimed Richie, walking towards him to give him a quick hug. Bill flinched at the contact, since his body was still sore but he responded with wrapping his arms around the other. "W-What are you g-guys doing h-h-here?" he asked as they both let go of each other.

Eddie stepped forward and took a deep breath. "Nothing really.. We just wanted to see you, to uh, check if you didn't go to that house alone or anything. Because you do know it has that thing which is

probably *living* in there and if you went alone you could of have *died* so that's why we-" he got cut off by Richie who elbowed him in the side. "Jeez, calm down will ya? You're scaring him." Bill smiled at the two and felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up to meet Beverly's gaze on him. She looked at him, concerned. "You okay? You look tense."

Bill gave her a smile, well, tried to. "Ye-Yeah.. Just.. Had a bad d-dream... t-t-that's all." he said. She smiled back at him and walked away, patting Ben on the shoulder. "We should go home guys, it's getting late. Bill's fine. Problem solved." she said, and the others nodded. Eddie quickly pushed Richie off him and walked his bike, giving a small wave before leaving. Stan and Ben did the same, after wishing Bill well and left. Richie looked at him and gave him a quick brofist and a "Don't do anything stupid." before leaving as well.

Bill waved and a small smile crept to his face. He was grateful to have friends that cared about him, *about each other*. Bill went inside and closed the door, heading back towards his room. He walked towards his bed and sat down. He flinched when he heard thunder. He didn't mind rain, but thunder was an exception. He sighed, laying down and pulling the covers onto him. Today was just.. Bill was speechless. He had gone to It's lair alone and made it out alive, even though he was hurt and nearly fell to his death. He started to think about the clown, how it acted towards him. How it didn't even *kill him*.

It's not that he wasn't glad he didn't get killed, he was just surprised. Especially on how it acted to him when he didn't feel afraid. *How It even saved him*. He sighed and tried to get comfortable on his bed. He didn't feel like having dinner, he was too tired. Finally satisfied with his position, Bill closed his eyes, slowly drifting of to sleep. It was a good thing there was no school due to Summer, because he would probably wake up later than he should tomorrow.

As he slept, he didn't notice the figure that watched him from the corner of his room. He didn't notice how it stared intently at him. He didn't notice the low growl coming from the being, who was perfectly hidden among the shadows.

He didn't notice how frustrated it was with him.

Notes for the Chapter:

So uhm, sorry about the boring chapter.
The fun chapters will come soon so don't worry!
And I'm really sorry for updating this super late.
Finals are troublesome ;-;
Thanks for reading!

4. Interest

Summary for the Chapter:

Pennywise is emotionally unstable.
Bill is just being Bill.

"Heaven, if you sent us down,
So we can build a playground.
For the sinners to play as saints,
You'd be so proud of what we've made."

- Crossfire

Bill had been staring outside his window for a while now. It seemed like hours. He watched as the rain began covering the town, and then it hit him. Georgie. He died during the rain. Bill let out a groan and lay down on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He was alone in the house, since his parents had gone out. He didn't blame them of course, since he preferred being alone, most of the time.

He felt thirsty. Honestly, he didn't remember the last time he drank something. With a grunt, he lifted himself off the bed and proceeded to go to the kitchen. He paused when he walked in front of Georgie's room. Memories of Georgie flashed through his mind and he shook his head. He didn't want to cry. He had done so enough. Taking one last glance, he continued on going downstairs and into the kitchen. Quickly, he poured himself some water. He didn't feel like drinking anything too sweet or bitter.

He was busy preparing the drink that he didn't notice the tall figure standing right behind him. When he turned, he was bumped into a warm chest and shook his head. Looking up, he was greeted with a pair of blazing yellow eyes. His eyes widened as he backed away, only to be stopped by the wall behind him. It took a step towards him, then another. Soon, there were so close to each other that the clown's shadow was towering over him.

"Billy." It spoke, and Bill suddenly felt cold. Like a blast of snow had

covered him. He flinched when It reached out and grabbed his mug, slowly placing it on the counter. The clown looked into Bill's eyes, Its eyes sparkled with a new desire. "Well? What are you waiting for, B-B-Billy boy?" It took Bill longer than he'd expected to get his legs to function and ran past the clown and out of the kitchen. He didn't know why It was here. He didn't even think any of this was real. Quickly, he ran up the stairs and into his room, locking the door.

However, he realized that it was mistake to do so as he turned around, only to be greeted by the clown sitting on the side of his bed. It flashed a grin at him, sharp teeth showing. Bill reached out behind him to open the door, only to find out it was locked. He cursed at himself, trying his best to unlock the door but it wouldn't budge. He heard the bells from the clown and noticed It standing up. Bill couldn't speak as he watched the clown walk towards him.

Bill had rarely watched horror movies (especially since Georgie had left) , but he knew when bad things would happen. And these were the times where bad things *would* happen. However, Bill didn't close his eyes nor did he cry in fear. He continued on looking at the clown who was towering over him. The smell of blood and candy filled the air and he nearly gagged. He watched as the clown paused and slowly began opening its mouth. Its jaw widened to the point no animal could even reach. Bill's breath hitched when he saw hundreds of teeth inside the mouth, a low growl coming from the clown.

He watched as It got closer, so close that those sharp *murderous* teeth could just chop his *head* right off and-

Bill gasped as he sat up on the bed, breathing heavily. He looked around and noticed that he was in his room and the clown was nowhere to be seen. Sweat fell from his forehead and drenched his clothes. It was almost like he'd gone for a jog. Bill placed his hands to his face, trying his best to calm himself.

"It was a d-dream.. B-B-But it felt so r-real.." He whispered, his voice felt sore and so did his body. Bill looked out the window and noticed it was morning. He sighed and took deep breaths until he calmed himself. Slowly he stood up, and walked to the bathroom. As he entered, he noticed something written on the bathroom mirror. It was written in blood. The handwriting looked similar to a child's if it

weren't for the blood.

Slept well? :)

Bill frowned. He was getting tired of the clown's game. Seriously, when was the time he even enjoyed *any* of the clown's game? Bill sighed and quickly washed away the message. He really didn't want to do this anymore but he couldn't help it. It was as if something inside of him, was *dying* to know more about that clown. *About Pennywise.*

He shook his head and went off to shower. Bill decided that he'd go and meet It again. Alone.

The air was cold and everything seemed the same as he went inside the house. He had told his parents that he'd hang out with his friends. Hopefully they wouldn't find out it was a lie. Carefully, Bill made his way into the kitchen, the same place where he had encountered 'Georgie'. He tried his best to not make a sound, well until something else did.

Bill turned around at the sound of bells. However, no one was there. Bill bit his lip. If the clown wanted to meet him It would already done so. He didn't go to the well, instead, he left the kitchen and went upstairs. Usually in houses like this it's not a good idea to call out the name of a murderous child-eating clown. However, Bill had other ideas.

"Hello? P-Pennywise..?" he called out, cursing at himself for his stutter. He looked around and didn't get an answer. Bill didn't give up, he continued on entering a room which had another door and a locked window. Bill took a deep breath and sighed. "Where are y-you, you stupid c-c-clown.." He muttered. A shiver went down his spine as he felt the air getting cold. He froze when he felt a large hand slowly making it's way to his shoulder.

"Boo."

Bill was about to scream but was stopped when a large hand had muffled his mouth. The clown raised It's other hand and made a hushing sign. Bill gulped and calm down, well, tried to. It was hard to do so when the clown was so close to him. *Just like It was in the dream.*

The clown's hand finally let go of him, and It straightened Itself, the bells on It's costume ringing. "Well, what brings you here Billy? Did you enjoy the dream? I made it just for you." It spoke, It's voice sweet like honey. Bill only frowned and shook his head.

"Why are y-you doing this? Why didn't you j-just.. kill me back then?" He asked, trying his best to keep a straight face as he stared at those yellow eyes. The clown only stared, Bill had seen that expression before. The blank face, almost as if It was trying to process his question. Bill flinched when It shook It's head furiously, saliva dripping out of It's mouth. Bill shivered in disgust as some of it landed on his shirt.

It finally looked up to him and leaned in, taking in his scent. A low growl emitted from It and Bill didn't like it one bit.

"You don't fear.. I can't.. No, It wouldn't do." It mumbled, Bill had barely heard It's words. The clown started backing away from him, and Bill had enough courage to grab It's wrist. This could be the only time he has the chance to talk to It. He can't just let It leave. He felt the being tense and he almost regret his move when It turned around and glared at him. However, Bill didn't let go, only tightening his grip onto the clown.

"You play games with me.. And you just.. leave like that. What do you want from me?" He finished. The clown's eyes widened, surprised that he didn't stuttered at all. The clown's eyes flashed blue for a second before turning back to it's deadly yellow color. In a blink of an eye, Bill was grabbed roughly by the collar of his shirt, the clown tugging him closer.

"You do not fear me." It sneered. "And it irritates me." It finished. Bill watched as It grabbed his left arm, bringing it closer to It's mouth and Bill thought It might just eat him right there. All of his thoughts flew out of his mind when the clown quickly sunk it's teeth onto his arm,

not deep enough to reach the bone but enough to leave a nasty mark. Bill screamed in pain as tears flew out of his eyes.

When the clown was done, It licked the blood off the arm and Bill nearly gagged. Before he could speak, the clown had left the room. Leaving him alone, confused and hurt. However, he looked down at his arm and was surprised that the mark had gone. Almost as if It didn't bite at him at all. Bill slowly stood up, and patted the dust off of him and started making his way out of the house.

"What is w-wrong with me..?"

Bill sighed and started to distract himself from thinking about what happened today. Usually a normal person would freak out and probably get a doctor or something but Bill did none of that. It made him question his sanity. He started to scribble a rough image of whatever that was in his head. It took him awhile, since drawing on a bed wasn't really that stable unlike drawing on a table but he didn't have time to care. He really need to let all the images out.

He stared at his work, and nearly slapped himself. He had drawn a sketchy image of the clown and he wanted to tear it and burn it if he could. But he didn't. He just stared at it and sighed. He placed his sketchbook and pencil on his nightstand and got himself comfortable on his bed. Maybe he should hang out with the Loser's club tomorrow, to just, distract himself from.. *all this*.

He closed his eyes and slowly drifted off to sleep. The darkness welcoming him. However, he couldn't sleep peacefully as he felt the bite mark on his hand burning. Even though it wasn't there he could still feel it. It really irritates him.

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh well uh, I have one more week of finals!

Yay.. *cries*

Next chapter will have the Loser's club.

Might put some jealous Pennywise in it though.